

Mississippi letter to the *Globe* says: Mississippians feel very justly, of their state occupies the ground floor wings of the capital build-

partment does not appear in the first glance, but that is as broken up by alcoves. The most crowded is found in the volumes. These include the books and reports from all the nation, making a collection ranks third in completeness, whole country. Only the es in Washington and New York rank above that of Minnesota. The books are, besides the law, which form the great bulk of the standard works in general. The library is as important, a bright carpet floor. The large open-grates with polished woodwork, and the pillars, and the desks and pens are marshaled in the desks and tables. Every

look the least for him. It is necessary to say that the previous, the greatest of the previous, is a woman, bright in figure and as neat in her surroundings. Miss Mary is the state librarian. Old her knowledge of the country library is marvelous. They as they would be a carefully index for what they want. Up with the latest law published and her judgment goes a in the additions which are made to the books. Capital is not the last state in recognizing the rights of woman. One of the

introduced in the house this
"to protect the wife from
that on the part of her hus-
band. The state university has opened
to both sexes, and now there
is a general assembly a proposition
is offered to establish a state col-
lege for women.

Smith's Hearty Welcome.

There is a party of four of us out
of Louisville, Ky., to look over a
plantation, and we had dis-
covered the roadside to drink at

rest a bit under the shade,
came a native on a mule.
up and looked us over, we
was armed with shot-gun,
and knife, and the eyes

"You just as that," answered the man, "I want to know what you do me a favor about half an hour, not, and if these gent is to rise any particular on the way far passed on as he and he followed it, but made no discovery reached Smith's place. The man at the gate with a rifle shot the feng, and as he and shook hands with the feng around here, Kur- to speak of, thank ye, to a fellow on a mearl come

'ere gate post full o' backs
 sent a bullet through his
 each him not to be so keer
 oft o' yer hosses an' com
 tight in a snake an' selves
 Detroit Free Press.

edate of Tom Ochiltree,
 day of Tom Ochiltree was
 nishment of justice. There
 consequences of his fall. He was
 n of the chief clerk, which
 of the attorney-general,
 clerk looked up, but Ochil-
 respect him at all. He
 ht for the door leading to
 room.
 not go in there now," said
 ark.
 stared at him a moment,
 Ah, I guess I can,"
 say so, but you gas not,"
 "Y."
 Ochiltree elevated his voice,
 know who I am, evident-

of representatives. My
Ochiltree, and I represent
on district of the state
member of congress, I hold
ht to enter the office of any
the cabinet without the
an announcement. I am
here now (pointing to the
Brewster."
clerk quietly placed him-
corway and said: "I guess
ter wait awhile. You see
-general is at present en-
conference with another

the cabinet. He has given that no one be admitted interference is through," for once in his life, was embarrassed. He turned on walked away, saying in a

the hall didn't you have a outside to tell me so?" "The air was real mad.—*Washington Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Is he looking? Well, they say as a rule, though I've studied," said the cow-boy, "See out in a Dakota give him just what food he cottonwood twigs and bark buffalo grass mostly—and if he'd show up in a very marsh in the spring, I was at just as retreat was sound—don't you know. An In-

by a dishevelled, scrawny, half-breed, matted-haired fellow, who handed him a letter from the adjutant. The letter was addressed to the adjutant, and the fellow who handed it to him was a half-breed who happened to be the Indian, a brute who asked that he had ridden a white horse at day and his pony was white. The adjutant noticed that the fellow was a half-breed, and was dated that morning, and the adjutant, being aroused, asked him when he left his post.

's call (after day break.)
 investigation proved his
 and ridden that sorry nag
 less than thirteen hours,
 the way the road would
 rd on a bird. I tell you
 hat mangy-looking brute
 he bluest blood of all the
 reins,—Pioneer Press.

one lady telling of another
 a blow if the other day,
 not discuss it, but she
 the narrator of this inci-
 to look upon it as a very
 urences; but, when ladies
 sharing a postage stamp for
 r, we don't think it at all
 —Bo-ta Times.